II.v.

My back a tother side, a my backe, my backe:
Beshrewe your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with iaunsing vp and downe.
Iu. Ifaith I am sorrie that thou art not well.
Sweete, sweete, sweete Nurse, tell me what sayes my loue?
Nur. Your loue sayes like an honest gentleman,
An a Courteous, and a kinde, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?
Iu. Where is my mother, why she is within, wher should she be?
How odly thou repliest:
Your loue sayes like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?
Nur. O Gods lady deare,
Are you so hot, marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones:
Henceforward do your messages your selfe.
Iu. Heres such a coyle, come what saies *Romeo*?
Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?
Iu. I haue.
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There stayes a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Theile be in scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your loue
Must climbe a birds neast soone when it is darke,
I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
Iuli. Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse farewell.

Exeunt.

II.vi.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.
Ro. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That

That one short minute giues me
Do thou but close our hands wit
Then loue-deuouring death do
It is inough I may but call her m
Fri. These violent delights h
And in their triumph die like fi
Which as they kisse consume. T
Is loathsome in his owne delici
And in the taste confoundes th
Therefore loue moderately, lo
Too swift arriues, as tardie as to

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh so li
Will nere weare out the euerla
A louer may bestride the gossa
That yderes in the wanton som
And yet not fall, so light is var
Iu. Good euen to my ghost
Fri. Romeo shall thanke the
Iu. As much to him, else is h
Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the measure
Be heapt like mine, and that th
To blason it, then sweeten wit
This neighbour ayre and let ri
Vnfold the imagind happines
Receiue in either, by this dear
Iu. Conceit more rich in m
Brags of his substance, not of o
They are but beggers that ca
But my true loue is growne to
I cannot sum vp sum of halfe
Fri. Come, come with me,
For by your leaues, you shall
Till holy Church incorpora